WHERE GENE FIELD'S FATHER WROTE DRED SCOTT BRIEFS.>>

Old Law Office at the Schilberst Corner of Fourth and Market Streets Remains One of the Untouched Landmarks of St. Louis Aute-Bellum Character Who Was the Personification of Judge Whipple in "The Crisis,

In the ente-bellum days there was no lowyer better known in St. Louis than Basswell M. Field, father of the children's part.

Figure Field. For year is had an office owner of the children's corner In the building at the south-ass corner of Yours among the landwarks of old St.

name of the father we stimus forgotten, and there are few people who tecall the fact of his lawting placed a conspicuous part in the history of this city, but the old building where he spent so many years of his life is here yet to bear witness, and the little room at the top of a diray flight of stuing in just us he left it thirty-old

Among the older restlems of St. Louis Among the saler research of S. Who remomber the elder Field is Mr. 4:
M. Hubbard who was born a present friend of the poet, it was Mr. Hubbard who pointed out to Engene Field the pictof his birth and visited with him after the

Roswell M. Field was a great lawyer. Mr. Hubbard says, and as leading coursel by the famous Dred Scott case became promi-

Personification of Judge Whipple.

In the building at the southeast corner of Pourth and Market streets, which stands to day among the landing ke of old St. He was a faished wholar in Greek, Latin, German, Spanish, French and general fiterature. He studied law with Supreme Judge Daniel Kelligg at Bennington, Vi. He had no desire for the so let of young ladder and backed the lave affects an

> His Unhappy Love Affair. A Mrs Phelps of Windsor, Vi. who was issued Bennington at the time, bearing Visiting Bennington at the time, bearing of Mr. Field being a treluse, determined in a spirit of fun to make an impression on roung Field. She was about 17 years of age and fe about 21 He can fell in the merbes, and she soon fell in his with him although she was at the time regard to be married to a Mr. Cark of Foster.
>
> Before he left Diambegran for Newton they arranged to be married on her section to the action of the married on the section of the married of the married on her section of the form of the

on her joining to wanter, and he feturies to Newtane. When her mother, who was a wifer, taughty and aristocratic, heard of the intraine to a poor young lawyer, charent of the order of the come up to whose her her hand to her described to the description. as was Judge Whipple, made famous by Windson Churchill in "The Crists," and he identified himself with the Scott case for motives alone humanitarian.

No single incident in connection of the c

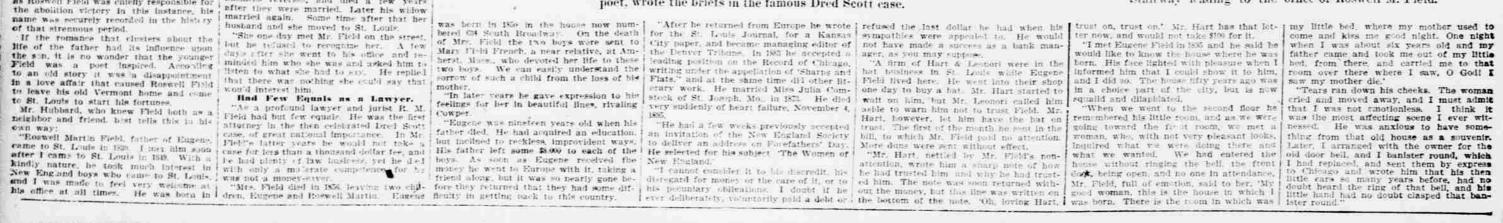
Europe.

"Mr. Fleld soon after, with bitter recollec-tions from such an unfortunate experience, started West, and tarried not until he reached St. Louis. Some ten years after he fight waged egainst slavery probably had so much to do with precipitating civil war as did the decision in the Scott case, and as Roswell Field was chiefly responsible for the abolition victory in this instance, his name was securely recorded in the history of that stremous neried.



Old building at the southeast corner of the Courthouse square, where Roswell M. Field, father of the poet, wrote the briefs in the famous Dred Scott case.

Stairway leading to the office of Roswell M. Field.



"THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS," A Story of Reconstruction Days in the South. BY THOMAS DIXON, JR.

Mrs. Gaston is stricken with brain fever at is news of her numband's death in battle, and er little sin, Charile, never forgets the scenes

her little son, Charite, never torgets and of that terrible night.

Tom Camp, an old, one-legged widder, returns to his humble cabin, overjoyed to see his wife and little girl again. He agrees to sit up with a "nigger," which he always latted. After six months Mrs. Gaston recovers, tenderly cared for by her little son, Charlie.

Justice Son, Charlie.

son, Charlie.

Mrs. Gaston recovers, tenderly cared for by her little son, Charlie.

Noise, Mrs. Gaston's faithful black man, is informed that he must be remarried. He thinks to have a good joke on his wife, but finds that two can play at the same game.

The negroes become very insolent after the war, organizing into secret societies and building a church of their own. General Worth comes to sown the assemble court day and makes a speech to the assemble court day and makes a speech to the assemble court day and makes a speech to the assemble court day and makes a speech to the assemble court day and makes a speech to the assemble court day and makes a speech to the assemble court of the life, and that the negro, although free, still must work, at that the negro, although free, still must work, at that the negro, although free, still must work, at that the negro, although free, still must work, at that the negro, although free this into secret societies, the negroes to organise into secret societies, the negroes to organise into secret societies, the tenderal and they engage in a war of words.

Two months later General Worth was summoned to Hambright on a churge of using abusive language to a freedman, Samon Lagrer, the former slave trader, sided with Hogg and they with others of their class locate the negroes to oppose their old masters at every opportunity.

With the establishment of military government the negroes of their class locate the negroes to oppose their old masters at every opportunity.

With the establishment of military government the negroes of their class locate the negroes to work or to allow white men to take their places. Negroe uprilings follow Hogg and Legree control their movements.

By threats, but no further violence, brough a house of having large their object of the some of the not of bloodest and, thus the two masters at the structure of the some of the negroes and others, and enabled right to again be peace and order out of bloodest and chace.

By threats, but no further violence, the next election

This old soldier had come to be a sort of oracle to him. His affection for the son of his Colonel was deep and abiding and his extravagant flattery of his talents and future were so evidently sincere they always acted as a tonic. And he needed a tonic to-

"Tom, I'm blue and parcoick. I've come down to have you cheer me up a little," "You've got the blues? Well that is joke" cried Tom. "You, young and handsome, the best-educated man in the county, the finest orator in the State, life all before you, and God fillin' the world to-day with sunshine and spring flowers, and all for you! You blue! That is a joke." And Tom's voice rang in hearty laughter.

"Come here, Flora, and kiss me, you won't laugh at me, will you?" The child climbed up into his lap, slipped her little arms around his neck and hugged

"With you, boy, it's all plain sailin" You're the best-looking chap in the coun ty. I was a dandy when I was young. It does me good to look at you if you don't care nothin' about fine clothes. Then you're as sharp as a razor. There ain't a man ir as sharp as a rasor.

No'th Caliny that can stand up ag'in you not be stand up ag'in you'll be on the stump. I've heard 'em all. You'll the Governor of this State!

That was always the climax of Tom's prophetic flattery. He could think of no grander end of a human life than to crown it in the Governor's palace of North Carolina. He belonged to the old days when it was a bigger thing to be the Governor of of the presidency-when men resigned seat-In the United States Senate to run for Governor, and when the National Government was so puny a thing that the bankers of Europe refused to loan money on United States bonds unless countersigned by the State of Virginia! And that was not so ong ago. The bankers sent that answer to Buchman's Secretary of the Treasury.

"Tom, you've lifted me out of the dumps. I owe you a doctor's fee," cried Gaston with enthusiasm, as he placed Flora back on the

'All I charge you is to come again. Th old man's proud of his young friend. You make me feel like I'm somebody in the

world's full of your name. I'll tell folks to know you like my own boy, and I'll brag about how many times you used to come about how many times you used to come to the world's time to the world have astonished the saddence.

Image of the gir she described that I was been to the way nown to full your name. I'll tell folks father's straight soldierly figure rose before top of my voice. There she is And that would have astonished the would have astonished the wouldn't to the world have stonished to the world have astonished the world have as the

"Hush, Tom, you make the old gald Gaston, as he warmly pressed the old soften with lighter step and more buoyant heart. His mind was as clear as the noon-heart. His mind was now flooding the green dry world with its spirador. He would stak stand by his own people. He would stak stand by his own people. He would stak the spirador is a tenderness and reverence that stilled the crowd.

"But I'm forgetting my mission, Mr. Gaston was amounted and daston was been to day. He was called out of the city on some mill business. He told me to bring you home to dine with him. I'm the secretary, you know, and exercise authority in these matters, so I've fixed that protection of the city of the c more to be desired than gold.

Sam Love, the new Postmaster, was a jovial, honest, igzy, good-natured Democrat whose ideal of a luxurious life was attained in his office. He handed Gaston his mult

"What's the matter with you, Sam't "Nothin' 'tall. I just thought I'd tell you that I like her handwriting," he laughed. "How dure you study the handwriting or

"What's the use of being Postmaster? There ain't no big money in it. I just take pride in the office," said Sam gentally. That's a new one, ain't it?" Gaston looked at the letter incredulously

It was a new one-a big square envelope with a seal on the back of it addressed to him on the most delicate feminine hand, and postmarked "Independance." breaking the scal.

When the Postmaster new he was going stepped around in front and looking over his shoulder, said:

"It's an invitation from the Ladles Me-Day oration at Independence the 19th of May, That's great. No money in it, but scores of pretty girls, hig speech, congratulations, the lien of the hour! Don't you wish you were really a man of brains.

waste now." Gaston accepted the invitation with feverish haste. He had it all ready to put in the

office for the return mail to Independence. But he was ashamed to appear in such a hurry, so he held the letter over until the On the 19th of May Independence was in gala robes. The long rows of beautiful

houses with dark bluegrass lawns on which giant oaks spread their cool arms, were gay with bunting, and with flowers, flowers everywhere! Every urchin on the street and every man, woman and child were or carried flowers.

At 10 o'clock the procession was formed What a sight! It stretched from the hotel down the shaded pavements a mile toward the cemetery, two long rows of beautiful girls holding great bouquets of flowers. This long double line of beauty and sweetness opened, and escorted gravely by the oldes General of the Confederacy present, he walked through this mile of smiling girls and flowers! Behind him tramped the veterans, some with one arm, some with wooden legs.

When they passed through, the double line closed, and two and two the hundreds of girls carried their flowers in solemn proression. Here was the throbbing soul of the South, keping fresh the love of her heroic dead!

And then to the stone altar marked: "To the Unknown Dead," they came and heaped up roses. Then a group of sad-faced women dressed in black, with quaint little bonnets wreathing their brows like nuns, went silently over to the National Cemetery across the way and each taking a basket, walked past the long lines of the dead their boys had fought and dropped a single rose on every soldier's grave. They were women whose boys were buried in strange lands in lonely unmarked trenches. They were doing now what they hoped some woman's hand would do for their lost heroes. Gaston I ad never seen this ceremony se

dend. His soul was melted with the infinite

rhythmic words and exalted thoughts. Not a line of hombost or a superfluous repetition. The occasion was to him an inspiration, and the people hung breathless on his words. His voice was never strained, but penetrated and thrilled with thought packed until it burst into the flame of speech. He felt with conscious power his mastery of his audience. He was surprised at his own mood of extraordinary tenderness as he felt this being penetrated and softeneds by his ages, the worship of the dead-as old as serrow and as everlasting as death! He was for the moment clay in the hands of some

mightler spirit above him. He had spoken perhaps fifteen minutes looked into the face of the one woman of a little dale, around a great all his dreams!

There she sat as still as death, her beautiful face tense with breathless interest, her fluted red lips parted as if half in wonder, half in juy over some strange revelation, to open it right there in the office, he and her great blue eyes swimming in a midst of tears! He smiled a look of recog ottion into her scul and she answered with a smile that seemed to say: "I've known you always! Why haven you seen me morial Association to deliver the Memorial sooner?" He recognized her instantly from Mrs. Duthem's description, and his heart gave a cry of joy, From that moment every word that he uttered was spoken to her. Semetimes, as he would look straight through her eyes into her soul, she would flush red to the roots of her brown-black hair, but she never lowered her gaze. He closed his speech in a round of applause

that was renewed again and again. His old classmate, Bob St. Clare, rushed forward to greet him.

"Old fellow, you've covered yourself with clory! By George, that was great! Come, here's a hundred girls want to meet you." He was introduced to a host of beauties who showered him with extravagant compliments, which he accepted without affectation. He knew he had outdone himself that day, and he knew why. The one woman he had been searching the world for was there and inspired him beyond all he had ever dared before.

He was disappointed in not seeing her among the crowd who were shaking his hand. He looked anxiously over the heads of those near by to see if she had gone. He saw her standing talking to two stylishly dressed young men.

the rostrum and he had started to take his eave she walked straight toward him. extending her hand with a gracious smile. He knew he must look like a fool, but to save him he could not help it; he was simply bubbling over with delight as he grasped her hand, and before she could

You are Miss Sallie Worth, the secretary of the association. My foster-mother has described you so accurately I should know you among a thousand."

"Yes. I have been looking forward with pleasure to our trip to the Springs, when I knew we should meet you. I am delighted to see you a month earlier." She said this with a simple earnestness that gave it a deeper meaning than a mere commonplace. "Do you know that you nearly knocked me off my base when I first say you in

the crowd?" "Why? How?" she asked. "You startled me."

"I hope not unpleasantly," she said, looking up at him with her blue eyes twinkling "Oh! heavens no! You are such a pe

"It would, indeed," she replied, blushing

riage is waiting." On a gently rising hill on the banks of the Catawba River rose a splendid old Southern mansion, its big Greek columns gleaming through the green trees like polished ivory. A wide porch ran across the full width of the house beyond the big pillars, and smaller columns supported the full sweep of a great balcony above. The house was built of brick with Portland ce ment finish, and the whole painted in two thades of oldivary, with moss-green roof and dark, sich Pompelian red brick fourui vibrate to that oldest religion of the ment finish, and the whole painted in two dictions. With its green background of magnolis trees it seemed like a huge block of solid ivery flashing in splender from its when suddenly, straight in front of him, he | throne on the hill. The drive wound down with beautiful shrubbery and flowers, and up to the pillared porte-cochere. Tears

spraing into Gaston's enraptured eyes as the beauty flashed upon him. "Oh! what a beautiful home!" he defined with feeling.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" she said with simple delight.

"I love every brick in its walls, every tree and flower and blade of grass!" He helped her from the carriage she ran lightly up the high stoop.

"Now some here and look at the view to talk about the fremendous water-power

He followed her to the end of the long porch overlooking the river. Behind the house the hill abruptly plunged downward to the waters' edge in a mountainous cliff. The river wound around this cliff past the house, emerging into a valley, where it described a graceful curve, almost doubling on itself, and rolled softly away ambi green overhanging willows and towering sycamores till lost in the distance toward the blue spurs of King's Mountain.

"A glorious view!" rald Gaston, looking long and lovingly at the filver surface of

"Do you love the water, Mr. Gaston?" "Passionately. I was born among the hills, but the first time I saw the ocean sweeping over five miles of sand reefs and breaking in white thundering pray at my feet, I stood there on a sand dune on our wild coast and gazed entranced for an hour without moving. Of all the things God ever made on this earth, I love the

waters of the sea, and all moving water

suggests it to me. That river says, I must hurry to the sea!" "It is strange we should have such similar tastes," she said seriously. But it did not seem strange to him. Somehow he expected to find her agree with ever whim and fancy of his nature.

"Now we will find mamma. She is such an invalid she rarely goes out. Papa will be home any minute."

"Certainly not, Miss Sallie, I'll testing, Mrs. Worth, that your daughter has be simply charming." She ran to meet he father at the door. There was the sound of a hearty kiss, a little whispering, and the General stepped

her guest. "Pleased to welcome you to our home you made the greatest speech ever heard have you to dinner anyway. I knew your brave father in the army. And now I come to think of it, I saw you once when you were a boy. I was struck with your resemblance to your father then, as now. You

briskly into the parlor, where she had left

great and rich and farmous and the lavishiy and heautifully performed before. | image of the girl she described that I was showed me the way down to Tom Camp's | leave till 9," he mused. "But am I going through their dark lashes, and a voice low

Saille," said Gaston as they entered the porlor aione.

Yes: he was a sort of ward of papa's when he was a boy. Papa hates his politics, but he has always been in and out

almost like one of the family since I can remember. I think he's a fascinating man, don't you?" "I do, but I don't like him." "Well, he's a great friend of mine; you mustn't quarrel." Gaston went to the hotel with his brain

They seemed like eleven minutes in one In another he seemed to have lived

saying over and over to himself as he climbed to his room, forgetting the elevator

CHAPTER IV. Beside Beautiful Waters.

When Guston tried to sleep, he found it impossible. His brain was on fire, every nerve quivering with some new, mysterious power, and his imagination souring on tre-less wings. He rolled and tossed an hour, then got up and sat by his open window looking out over the city sleeping in the

still white moonlight. He looked into the mirror and grinned. "What is the matter with me" he ex-claimed. "I believe I'm going crazy." He sat down and tried to work the thing out by the formulas of cold reason. "It's perfectly absurd to say I'm in love. Love is too high and holy a mystery to take possession of a man in a day like tals. Besides, I've longed for this great passion. walted and hoped for and dreamed of it, until my dreams are too large for fulfill-ment. I'll have to marry and settle down some day like an ordinary law-abiding citizen. But my wild romancing about a pas-sion that will grasp all life in its torrent sweep is only a boy's day dream. The

world is too prosy for that now." Yet in spite of this unanswerable argu-ment the resun seemed as bright as day, and the moon was only a pale sister light to the rediance from the face of the girl he had seen that day. Her face seemed to him smiling close into his now. The light of her eyes was tender and soothing

"It's a passing fancy," he said at last, after he had sat an hour dreaming and dreaming of scenes he dared not frame in words even alone. He stood by the win-What a beautiful old world this is, after all!" he thought as he gazed out on the tops of the oaks whose young leaves were softly sighing at the touch of the night

winds. Turning his eye downward to the

street he saw the men loading the morning papers into the wagons for the early "I wonder what sort of report of my speech they put in?" he exclaimed. Un-able to sleep, he hastily dressed, went down and bught a paper.

On the front page was a flattering por-trait, two columns in which authors.

trait, two columns in width, with a report of his speech filling the entire page, and an editorial review of a column and a half. He was halled as the coming man of the State in this editorial, which contained the most extravagant praise. He sat down and read the speech over line by line. Some-how it did not seem so fine a thing in print as he felt it in his heart that day. But as he fest it in his heart that day. But it was unmistakably good. He knew it was the best thing he had ever done, and he felt for the minute proud of himself and his achievement. This contemplation and his achievement. This contemplation of his own greatness quieted his nerves and he fell asieep. He was awakened by the first rolling of carts on the pavements at dawn. He knew he had not slept more than two hours, but he was a wide-awake as though he had slept soundly all night. "I must be threatened with that spell of fever auntie has been worrying about since I was a boy." he laughed as he slowly dressed.

on that train, that's the question?"

tell me how to become full and broad, and a pair of blue eyes looked at him

and a pair of blue eyes looked at him

MME. NORDICA'S NEXT CONCERT.



-Photographed by Aime Dupont. BRUNHILDE OF NORDICA.

recital in the Odeon next Thurnday evening. April 10. She will be assisted by Mrs Katharine Fisk, contralto, and Mr. E. Romayne Simmons, accompanist; also in the sextet from "Lucia," which closes the programme, by Messes, George, C. Carrie, James Rohan, Homer Moore and James Garfield Stanley. The programme, which appears below, is made up almost entirely of operatic selections, and shows the develof operatic selections, and shows the devel-opment of vocal music in Germany, France and Italy from the time of Handel to the present day. "Theodore," from which the first selection is taken, was first performed first selection is taken, was first performed in 1749, over 150 years ago. It has long been a favorite with church-choir seprance, and has been their standard trial piece when singing before music committees, the oft-repeated words, "Take. O take me to thy care," having been supposed to be particularly appropriate and effective. Another number on the programme of remarkable interest is the great recitative and air, "Ah number on the programme of remarkable interest is the great recitative and air, "Ah Perfido," by Besthoven, which Mme. Nordica sung recently in Beston with the Symphony Orchestra, creating such a furore of enthusiasm as had not been witnessed before in many years. All those who atbefore in many years. All those who at-tended the song recital which Mme. Nor-dica gave in this city last December will

Mme. Lillian Nordica will give a farewell receital in the Odeon next Thurnday evening. April 19. She will be assisted by Mrs.

cadenza.

The whole programme was designed by Mr. Moore, who selected the numbers to display not only the progress of vocal mu-sic during the last century and a half, but also the wonderful versatility and almost donna. This is the only city in the United States in which this programme will be performed.

PROGRAMME.

Air-Angels Ever Bright and Fair, Theo-Air-Che Faro Senza Euridice Ornheus Gluck
Air-Che Faro Senza Euridice Ornheus Gluck
Mrs. Katharine Fisk
Canzone-Vol, Che Sapete Figaro Mozart
Mme. Nordica
Recitative and Air-Ab Paido Bethoven
Fides's Air-O My Son, Probhet Meyerbear
Dolonales Misson.

Dolonales Misson.

Thomas Potentialse, Mignon, Mrs. First.

Potentialse, Mignon, Mrs. Nordica, Thomas
Elisa's Dream, Lohengrin, Wagner
Mine, Nordica, Wagner
Invascation to Love, Sameon and De-Hungarian Aria Mme. Nordica. Mrs. Fiek. The Sextet, Lucia Mrs. Fisk and Messrs, George Mare, Nordica, Mrs. Fisk and Messrs, George Carrie, James Rohan, Homer Moore, James G. Stanley,